THE RETURN OF WIN ERBOTTOM

Old Man Greenhert Shows Himself Better Than the Fourth Seven.

The circumstances under which Mr. lake Winterbottom abandoned his associates and the saloon frequented by them and kept by old man Greenhut in Arkanas City had been discussed both angrily and sorrowfully a number of times by understanding of his act, or none that semed adequate, had been reached, so tuat indignation, surprise and regret were inextricably blended in a jumble in the minds of the astute poker coterie of the ittle river town.

I reckon," said old man Greenhui when one of these discussions had gone on for some time, "I reckon as how if the Scripters had been wrote in these days there'd 'a' been one line changed anyhow. Likely there'd been a heap more, but one on 'em 'd 'a' been wrote different, sure The prophet what said Frailty, thy name is woman,' would most likely said, 'Frailty, thy name is Winter-

"I don't see no signs o' frailty in what Jake did," said Joe Bassett. "Looks to me like be was too doggone cunnin' for to be called frail.

"Got away with a hell roarin' wad f'm the house, didn't he, with that there cousin o' hisn? Hornswoggled us. didn't he, with p'tendin' for to crosscut that there cousin till he got a call outen him f'r his hull wad, an' then throwed down the winnin' hand, didn't he, him havin' a straight flush, an' tryin' to make us think Jim Blaisdell had slipped up on the deal an' on'y give him a plain flush. him havin' slipped a spade in, 'stead o' th' club Jim done give him?

"Done all that, didn't he, an' then snok abo'd the boat with his cousin, p'tendin' he was goin' for to fetch him back? I don't call that frailty. Looks to me more like hellishness, an' we uns all pals o' hisn for years.

And the big sheriff spat viciously upon

"You don't quite appertain my meanin', Joe," said the old msn. "I was havin' ref'rence to his moral frailty. Looks to me like Jake's morals ain't what we reckoned on. 'Pears like they was weak, an' when a man's weak on moral character th' ain't enough left on him for to be wuth sweepin' up.

"Mebbe you'm right about that," said Jim Blaisdell, bitterly, "but I'd feel more easy like if he was to be swoop."

'Ain't liable fer to be," remarked Sam Pearsall. "Down the river 's where he ent, an' that's some sizable of a place. More'n likely he's done made his getaway for good. I ain't lookin' for him to show up here again."

There were many more things that might have been said concerning their old associate's defection, but inasmuch as they had all been said repeatedly on previous occasions no one felt himself called on to repeat them, and the four friends sat smoking silently.

it would indeed be almost impo conceive of any happening that would have disconcerted these four worthies more inan the departure of Mr. Winterbettom who had done. The circumstances were exactly as Bassett described them, but they seemed almost incredible, for Winter-bottom had been for years regarded as the most thoroughly loyal and reliable I reckon I'll pull for a fo'th," and he took

/member of the party

For him to desert his pals, even for the
prespect of sharing in his we lthy cousin's For him to desert his pals, even for the prespect of sharing in his we ithy cousin's he trailed without looking at his draw, knowing of course that Bill would bet out. After that player had put up \$1,000 and Jake, taking another look at his cousin, had trailed once more Bassett picked up his cards and called to Greenhut to bring

For some days after his sudden departure they had expected him to reappear with a plausible explanation at least, but this hope had faded away, and they were indeed sore at heart. It was therefore a complete surprise to them all when the door opened and Mr. Winterbottom walked in quietly.

"Howdy, boys," he said in a matter of fact way. "Have one on me." And he walked to the her.

fact way. "Have one on me." And he walked to the bar.
In his manner there was no truck of embarrassment, and he extended his invita-tion as one who had not the slightest

doubt of its prompt acceptance,
When he saw, however, that his old
friends sat motionless, regarding him with
distrust and hestility, and that old man
Greenhut himself instead of promptly
reaching for the bottles and glasses
glanced involuntarily toward his bungstarter his own manner changed.

"I was astin' you uns to have a drink,"
le said somewhat sarcastically. "I

le said somewhat sarcastically. "I reckon I didn't speak none too plain. Pears like you all done had paralysis, or somepin'. Ain't there no rum to be had in the house?"

I reckon there's rum enough," said

Baseett, "but we uns is some p'tic'lar about who we drinks with."
Only one answer to this was permissi-

Only one answer to this was permissible under the code recognized in Arkansas City, and Mr. Winterbottom's hand dropped suddenly to his hip pocket. Quick as he was, the big Sheriff was quicker, and had it not been for the amazing agility of old man Greenhut himself there would certainly have been tragic happenings then and there.

The old man, however, was equal to the emergency. A quick twist of his wrist brought the bungstarter down on Bassett's gun and sent it to the floor, from where a random shot buried itself in the heal of Blaisdell's boot. Then a second twist brought the old man's handy weapon to a position of advantage over Winterbottom's head.

bottom's head.

"One o' the house rules is 't there sha'n't he no shootin' did on the premises," he said, sternly, "If you uns is hell bent on killin' you'll have to go out on the levee. 'Pears to me, though, as how it mought be better to talk things over

first. Mebbe Jake ain't no such of a renegade as we uns thunk."

"Me a renegade!" exclaimed Winter-bettom in wrathful surprise. "Who says so?" And his hand went back toward

so?" And his hand went back toward his hip pocket.

"Well, there hain't nobody said it, not yet there hain't, "said Jim Blaisdell with a provoking drawl, "but when a man throws away a straight flush what's coine to him providential like an' then leaves his pals for to go off with the yap't raked the pot, looks to me like it was up to him for to prove 't he ain't no such yaller dog as he looks."

Winterbottom's face was a picture of bewilderment for just a moment. Then he grinned.

Sure did look funny," he said, in this old hearty manner. "I reckon the drinks is on me anyhow, but I sure do take it kind o' hard 't von une dide." is on me anyhow, but I sure do take it kind o' hard 't you uns didn't know me better. Mebbe I'd oughter let you in on the game 'tore I done played it so fur." Again be turned to the bar. This time the temptation was too strong and the treat was accepted, though it was plain that an explanation would have to emade.

he made.

I seen plain erough," said Winterbottom after they had wiped their lips,
how if we skun Cousin Bill outen his hull
wad right off the reel I couldn't play him
no further, an'I knowed, what I done told
you uns, that there was a heap more
morey behind that wad, so I done throwed

When I went out a'ter him I wa'n't reck 'nin' on him leavin' town so sudden, but the boat was leavin', an' just rachully I nad to go along. He was plumb tickled at winnin' the way he did, an' I been livin'

"Him an' me 's done cleaned up naif a dozen gangs since then, 'count o' him knowin' I throwed the winpin' hand. He's back here now with mere money 'n Arkansas City's done seen in a year. More'n that, he's lookin' for another game with you uns."

"I reckon the drinks is on the house this time," said oid man Greenhut. "An' more'n that, you une had ought for to repent o' your sins in oiloloth an' ashes for chuckin' ojum onto a old pal like Jake 'thouter knowin' what you all is talkin' about."

about."
"Well, I ain't sayin' but what mebbe
Jake meant well," said Jim Blaisdell,
grudgingly. "Bein' as he done fetched
his cousin back f'r another game it looks
like it mought be all right, but 'tain't no gre't encouragement for a man to play skilful when his pal chucks a straight flush a'ter he's took the trouble to give it to him."

"Did look bad," said Winterbottom,
"but I done told you uns 'fore that
I was hell bent on gettin' the Winterbottom estate outer Bill 'thouter makin'
no 'count o' the wad o' pocket money he was totin'.
"But I reckon that 'll be about all. If

you une ain't lookin' for to set in for a chanst at th' estate all's you has to do is to yawp, an' I c'n find some other easy enough."
"Now don't get riled, Jake," interposed

Now don't get riled, Jake," interposed old man Greenhut, hastily. "Jim was just nachully some disturbed for to see a artistic deal sp'iled, but nobody hain't had no reel doubts about you, Jake. We knowed you was doin the best you knowed, even if we didn't quite see

knowed, even if we didn't quite see through it.

"When did you say you'd fetch your cousin 'round, an' how much 'd you say he had with him?"

"I didn't say," observed Winterbottom, "but I reckon Bill's liable for to come in to-morrow 'f he's sober enough. He ain't just now."

It was plain that the veteran still felt hurt at the suspicions of his friends and

It was plain that the veteran still felt hurt at the suspicions of his friends, and seeing this, they changed the subject of the discussion and by restricting their attention to potables they succeeded after a time in restoring his old time geniality.

On the morrow Bill Winterbottom

proved to be sufficiently sober to appear, as was expected, and after some good natured chaffing the entire party, excepting Greenhut, sat in at a game of draw, unlimited.

It was evident that the outsider relied It was evident that the outsider relied on the same sort of help from Jake that he had had before, and the others, seeing this, had high hopes. It was not known how much of the Winterbottom estate was in available cash, but on the other hand old man Greenhut's reserve had never yet been exhausted, and in a case like this they all knew that he would back the game indefinitely.

For a game with such startling possibilities this one opened tamely enough. The ante was \$5 call \$10, but no extravagant bets were made in the first few rounds, and not more than \$400 or \$500 had been won or lost when Pearsall opened a jackpot for the size of it, or \$50, on Bassett's deal.

ssett's deal. Bill Winterbottom, having first say

Bill Winterbottom, having first say, had passed after a quick glance at his hand and Pearsall opened in the next seat. Jake Winterbottom came in, Blaisdell dropped and Bassett made it \$100 to draw cards.

Then Bill Winterbottom with a joyous them reject it enother hundred and

Then Bill Winterbottom with a joyous whoop raised it another hundred and Pearsall dropped, having only two kings. Jake Winterbottom trailed and Bassett after careful study raised back.

"Looks like you was thinkin' you had somepin'," said Bill Winterbottom, jeeringly, "but I reckon you'd better look again. It'll cost you \$500 more to play that there hand."

Jake glanced at his cousin hastily, and being apparently satisfied with what he saw came in again, whereupon Bassett, striving to look unconcerned, remarked that he reckoned that 'd be about enough before the draw and made good without raising. raising.
"I'll play these," said Bill, confidently, when Bassett took up the deck to serve

Then after Jake had bet a white chip

The old man came in from the bar and after a look at the pot and another at Bassett's hand, which was held up for his inspection, slipped the Sheriff a large wad and returned in some haste to the barance with the same and that settles that.

Some bum pipe, I dare say, that doesn't dress, but that has got a lot of fool silver.

The Sheriff threw the wad in the pot without stopping to count it and Bill Winterbottom looked serious. Then he counted the wad, and finding \$3,000 in it,

"Mebbe you done caught your fo'th, but I reckon I'll look at 'em anyway." And he covered the bet, whereupon Jake promptly threw down his hand.

he covered the bet, whereupon Jake promptly threw down his hand.
Without a word Bassett spread four sevens on the board, and was reaching for the pot when Bill shouted, "That don't go. One o' them sevens was on the bottom o' the deck, for I seen it." And he reached for his gun while he placed his left hand on the pot.

It, was so unexpected that for once Bassett was behindhand in pulling his gun, and it would have gone hard with him if Bill Winterbottom had not toppled over suddenly from his chair to the

suddenly from his chair to

Stand back!" shouted old man Greenhut, waving his bungstarter, as the others jumped to their feet. "I reckon he's on'y just stunned. Fetch some water an' get his gun away f'm him afore he comes

Then, while Pearsall ran for water and Blaisdell took the gun, the old man con-

tinued:
"I reckon this here game 'd better "I reckon this here game d better be postponed. There ain't no use o' takin' what this here pirate is got onto him, seein' as the most o' his money's in bank, 'cordin' to what Jake says. Mebbe the best thing is to tote him back to the hotel an' let Jake frame up the rest o' the game. This here pot 'll do well enough for one night."

night."
It was done as he said, and after Jake returned from the hotel with the news that Bill was safe in bed, well dosed with whiskey, the home talent discussed long and carefully the possibility of getting

The ideal of what a de-

Hightful drink should be-



MR. GNAGG IN YULETIDE FORM

HIS WIFE'S RELATIONS.

Makes a Guess at What His Wife Wants for Herself and Has Anticipations of His Own Present-At the End He Goes to Business a Happy Man.

Mrs. Gnagg having ventured to suggest that she would be needing a little money wherewith to do the Christmas gift buying, Mr. Gnagg entered into the spirit of uletide cheer about as follows:

Oh, the regular old Christmas gouge, eh? Well, I've been expecting that touch, I'm bound to admit that. That's one of the holdups that can't

em to be flagged, that Christmas sandbagging. Doesn't make a particle of difference whether a man believes 'way down deep in him that the whole Christ mas gag is tommyrot and folderol-and the way most sensible men do rethat's gard it, permit me to inform you-why, he's got to yield to the annual imposition and submit to the Christmas stickup and let his views and principles go.

It isn't that I mind handing out gifts and tokens and remembrances and such like to people that I like and all that sort of thing. Nothing whatever like that. Enjoy giving things away in fact.

But it's the idea of being held up, pinned to the stick, corralled and shredded and all in conformity with a fool convention incidental to a season that I don't take any stock in. That's what makes me hot around the collar every time.

Well, how much is the whole stickup going to set me back this year, eh? Be good enough to remember, if you please, that I'm pretty shy right now and that you've got to base your calculations

How's that? You can't say exactly Why can't you say exactly? Is it going to cost me a hundred, a thousand, a million, a billion? You can give me some kind of an estimate, can't you? Why can't you tell met out of hand just about how much of a pulldown you're expecting to blow in this year for Christmas junk? You can add up simple figures, can't you?

Oh, it seems sordid, does it, to write out a list with the price set opposite each article? Oh-ho; sordid, hey? That's the view you take of it, is it? But it doesn't seem sordid to you to pin a man to the wall and go through him for about every dollar he's got in his clothes, does it? Huh! Sordid, you say! Pretty toplofti-

cal you're getting all of a sudden, it seems to me. The coin bas to be got, you know, and I have to go out and get it, and it doesn't look very sordid to me, I can tell you, after I've got it. It looks pretty good to me, on the contrary. Apparently, though, it looks like chalk

or tin tags or cigarette coupons to you, the way you go out and blow it on people that you don't care a fig for. Sordid, hey? Well, that's new! However, we won't haggle about that end of it. We might just as well get this

business over with as soon as possible, and that's what we'll do if you'll permit me to nudge in a word occasionally. In the first place let me put mysel refrain from getting me any gift of any

kind whatsoever this year. Just keep my name off the list. There's nothing that I want or could use. I've got everything I need in the way of of littering up the place with truck that can't be of any earthly good to me, usefully or ornamentally? Huh? Oh, you've

aside, have you? Of course you have. I might have known that. Surest thing in the world I might as well surrender that point right you get me something that I won't be able

draw, but that has got a lot of fool silver plastered all over it that gets as hot as molten lead when the tobacco in the bowl is set on fire, or -- No? Oh, well, then, the usual smoking jacket that makes a man look as if he'd been in the minstrel busi-

ness all his life and---Not that, either? Two or three neckties then, that I'd get arrested for wearing the rest of the list yourself. I don't care on the street, or maybe a pair of slippers with a lot of curlycues worked on and that could only be worn at a masked

ball, or--None of those, eh? Oh, well, it doesn't make any difference. Whatever it is won't make any difference.

Now, what d'ye want me to get you! Oh, now I remember-a muff! Huh? Sure thing; you've been leading up to that muff for about two months now.

Look here, you might just as well tell around, just where you've got that muff put aside that I'm to get you and then 'll know where to go and get it. It's a sinch, of course, that you've got that put aside too, because I haven't heard much else but muff, muff, muff from you for the last sixty days or so, and so instead of going through with the old performance of just leading me up to it and trying to make believe after you've got it that I thought of it myself and selected it for you-why, just come across and tell me

where it is and I'll go get it. Well, now about the rest of the gang that've got to be rigged out with Yuletide bribes.

First and foremost, of course, comes probably prove serious. your mother-bless her dear old vitriolic soul! How much is her "little remembrance" going to shake me down for this year? About twenty-eight and a half probably. That's about the average per Christmas gift for your mother.

I s'pose, as usual, you'll be sending my mother some little glass vase for about 65 cents or a "piece of lace for her neckthat always comes in handy," as you say, for about four bits. So that's the way I'll jot it down on the list-'bout thirty bucks for your mother's gift and 50 cents for what you'll send my mother.

I dare say your mother will send you as usual a marked down copy of "The Poems of Thomas Moore" or a canvas laundry bag, whereas my mother always sends you a Christmas box stuffed with the swellest kind of old fashioned truck to eat; but you never think of that end of it, of course.

for him, as usual, eh? It's a wonder you second Jurgenmen watch. I'm the big-HE TALKS ABOUT GIFTS FOR Best men in the Standard Oil Company,

you know, and the price of a watch of that kind isn't gum money to me. Now your Aunt Zenobia—or Aunt Nobie. as you call her Why don't you send her mushroom hat with a forty-two dollar aigrette on it or one of those split down

he side straight as a lath dresses? How's that? You've already got her resent picked out and it's a cut glass bowl marked down from sixteen bucks to two eighty-nine? What's going to happen! Well, that's one of the crew that isn't going to sting me so hard as

usual this year, anyhow-Aunt Nobie. Thanks, Nobie. Everything is forgiven You've been breaking it off in me new for a good many Christmases, but there's nothing hard or callous about me and when you let me off with two eighty-nine I'm not the man to remember previous

wrongs. Now your Auntie Clytemnestra-how such have you got in mind for Clyt's

Christmas blowoff this year? By the way, I saw a nice little set of silver in a box in one of the stores to-day that was priced at a mere twelve hundred and fifty bones and why wouldn't that be a-nice modest little gift for Aunt Clytemnestra? You see, she always just breaks her neck to send you something fine and dandy-a box of green apples or three or four pounds of farm ground buckwheat or something like that—and you ought,

ally, to sort o' loosen up for her. Maybe she'd appreciate a set of blue fox furs or something like that? Or perhans she--

Huh? What! WHAT! You're only going send Clyt.a nice Christmas card with printed Yuletide message on it this ear? Wait a minute. Wait'll I go out and bathe my wrists in cold water. I think I'm going to swoon or else burst into tears out of sheer gratitude.

A Christmas card only for your Auntie Clytemnestra? Here, hit me with that cane there just as hard as you can. I'm dreaming, and I want to come out of it. Whee! Aunt Clyt isn't going to prong me for about twenty-two and a half this year! Whee again! Hooray! Four

Oh, but wait a minute. Now we come o Cousin Jule. I mustn't get too gay or gladsome until after we've disposed of Cousin Jule. Now don't tell me all over again how once when you were a wee bit a girl and were visiting her on a Saturday she made a whole sponge cake for you and gave you a whole piece of for yourself. I know all about that nevolent deed of Cousin Jule's, you know.

You've told me about it at this se every year since we were married, you I'd hate to try to dope out with pad and pencil just how much that piece of immemorial sponge cake has set me back, taking all of the Christmases of our married life into account, but it must amount to about enough to buy a diamond necklace for somebody by this time.

Well, how about Cousin Spongecake-Cousin Jule, I mean? I s'pose you're going to send her a cilver trimmed Russian drosky with a couple of specially imported Russian horses to pull it or something on record. Please be good enough to like that, eh? Maybe you've got it in mind to stake her to— How's that? You're —going—to—send—her—a—Christmas card-too?

Pardon me a moment. I am going to telephone and ask central if this is North trinkets or junk, and what's the use America I am living in and ask her what time it is and get a few facts like that together in order to test myself out a little. My private opinion is that I'm on got my present all picked out and set my way to the booby hatch, but I want to have it confirmed. A-Christmas-card-only-for-Cousin

-Jule? Well, that settles it. I'm all in. that you'd have it picked out. Oh, well, I knew this overwork would tell on me. And after that piece of spongecake that vonder in the mist of the cluttered years, too? But stay! Wait a minute! Maybe that Christmas card for Cousin Jule is going to cost about nineteen bucks and twenty-five cents?

me up. I love these trances while they

last, anyhow. Now we'll get down to--- Here, I've got to go to the office. You finish out how hard you wallop me now, on the level

Go as far as you like. Whatever else may ail me, why, I'm not lacking in grati-department and he had to agree. tude, and when Aunt Nobie and Aunt Clytemnestra and Cousin Jule soak me for only two eighty-nine and a couple Christmas cards between 'em, why, it's me for a Merry Christmas and a hull the doctor and we'll cut the blowout." lot of 'em, and the family bankroll is yours to do as you like with!

me, so's to save any further fooling NO FUN INSPECTING BOILERS. One Reason Is the Engineers, Another the Bollers Themselves.

The agent for a company that insured boilers was one of a party of men who were discussing the unpleasant work that some men have to do, and he insisted that if anybody has a disagreeable job

it is the boiler inspector.
"In the first place," said the speaker, the inspector doesn't know when he tackles a boiler whether the engineer is telling him the truth about its condition. His experience has led him to believe that the engineer will find it convenient to overlook some defect that in the end will

"Then the inspector goes to work himself with the intention of finding the weaknesses that may have been noticed

weaknesses that may have been noticed or may have escaped the attention of the engineer. The inspector has a hot, disagreeable, dirty job of it.

"The inspector is regarded in some quarters the same as is the quarantine officer when scarlet fever breaks out and he comes to tack up the red card. His coming is viewed as a necessary evil and ne comes to tack up the red card. His coming is viewed as a necessary evil, and he is considered a chronic fault finder. For that reason the engineer takes great joy in hiding a defect, no matter how serious, and if the inspector goes away without seeing it the engineer will regard it as a huge joke and tell it to all the friends he can trust

he can trust.

"This attitude of the engineer is frequently due to his belief that because he has been tending this one boiler all his life he knows more about it than an inspector who looks at thousands. The engineer is grievously mistaken, for the very fact that the inspector looks at so many boilers makes it certain that he will note any defect.

A AIZIE GIVES A SUPPER PARTY

After Which Little Goldie Goes Out of the Window and a Reconciliation Is Off.

Maizie was so absorbed in "Little Goldie, the Beautiful Mill Girl," that the postman was compelled to sound his whistle three separate and distinct times. The letter was for George and bore London postmark.

She surveyed the missive from all sides, sniffed at it and after fingering the large wax seal securing the envelope decided that it could not be opened without detection.

"Smells like hop," was her comment I s'pose it's from one of those burlesque flewsies he used to go around with. Goodness knows if I had my job with "The Alderman' and all the joolry I've hooked to keep this flat going anybody could take him and welcome. If I ever marry again it'll be a property man or a carpen-ter. They work steady and hand it over every payday, and when they do want drink a can of suds satisfies ionaires' sons are all bunk."

From these reflections it may be surnised that Maizie was dissatisfied with things. And the poor girl really had a grievance.

When she resigned her leadership of the Amazons with an opera company to marry into a family of wealth she naturally expected a life of automobiles, tiaras, pink teas and monkey dinners. But un-fortunately George's father was a Rock of Gibraltar; in other words, he refused to

ome across with the kale. Now George, while a most amiable oung man, was not a hewer of wood, and moreover he had an abnormal thirst for malt, spirituous and vinous liquors. Consequently Maizie was compelled to pledge various articles of personal adornment in order to maintain the household. True, George was willing enough and had secured a job at selling ice on commission but the only frozen liquid he disposed of

was contained in highballs.

Maizie was deep in "Little Goldie" when leorge came in and picked up his letter. "By jove, it's from Lord Scrapple!" he

eried.

"Well, don't put on any dog on that account," said Maizie. "We used to have lord hanging around the Casino, and he got sent over to the Island for lifting wardrobe out of the dressing rooms."

"This is my brother-in-law," explained George. "He and my sister Isabel are boat, stun him with an oar and row back coming over to spend the holidays with to England. Aftah he had been boiled in lye a few hours and had his hair cut the folks in Pittsburg." "That'll be about all he spends." interhe began to resemble a human being.

ected Maizie. "I never heard of a lord with enough money to buy a stick of grease paint." "He did cost pa a lot of money," admitted George, "but he's a good fellow even if he don't know much. They get in to-morrow morning on the Lusitania

and stay over night." Maizie might have pursued the subject further, but she was deeply interested in the fate of Little Goldie. That paragon had captured the scion of a noble house and after 300 pages of heartrending woes was about to win out in a Garrison finish

So Maizle ate up the following: Little Goldie turned and faced the Earl f Gobblemere. You say your son married a heartless, designing woman. Have you ever met

"No," said the Earl, his silvery hair relected in the 8,600 mirrors scattered aroun the matchless drawing room. "When Eric bowed my haughty head in the dust by marrying that base born female I cast them both out of my life. Oh! If Eric had wedded you, my child; I would have been proud to welcome you as the mistress of

"Father!" said Goldie softly. bells of Gobblemere, delighted tenantry and retainers, Goldie's family all come to

live at the castle, and finis. Maizie dropped the novel and picked up an inspiration. If the haughty Earl Huh? No? Only twenty cents? Let's could be softened by the charms of have those smelling salts of yours, if you Goldie why not try something of the kind please. Or else if I'm asleep don't wake on George's father? A favorable report taken to Pittsburg by Lord and Lady Scrapple might lead to a relaxation of the

paternal pursestrings.
"George," said Maizie, "what's the matter with giving a feed for your folks to-morrow night?"

George was rather doubtful, Maizie had charge of the commi "I might get the DeGinkos to help things along," said Malsie.

"If you're going to have anything like that," said George, "I'd better call in Maizie replied with asperity that the DeGinkos were not a disease, but a charming couple who did a refined dancing act in vaudeville and were laying off a few weeks. She further gave a minute personal history of them, including the fact that their given names were Barney and Lizzie and the family name Rooney. Moreover, it was her fixed intention to

invite them to the festivities. It was decided to give an after theatre supper, as the resources of the flat were nardly equal to a more formal entertainment. Maizie extracted a five dollar bill from some mysterious hiding place and sent George out to purchase liquid refreshments while she wended her way

to the DeGinko apartments. The DeGinkos were more than happy to attend the function as they were a frugal couple and figured on saving the price of a meal. When Mairie got home George had returned with two bottles of scotch, a bottle of Bourbon and a quart of sherry. She prudently looked the liquors in her trunk. George was absent minded and might organize a little celebration on his own hook.

George met Lord and Lady Scrapple at the pier, and as they had made arrangements to attend the opera in the evening they were graciously pleased to accept a collation after the performance. George returned with the tidings and assisted Maizie in preparing the festal board.

The DeGinkos arrived at 10 and were

o astonished at the profusion displayed that they were unable to remove their wraps for several minutes. There was cold chicken and tongue, potted ham, sardines, Swiss cheese, potato salad, olives, caviare and various other relishes. Mr. DeGinko, who was naturally a taciturn man, remarked that it was the swell-

well, let's get ahead with this list.

I ought to have a printed form with the names on it of all of your relations that've got to be fixed out with Christmas gifts so that I wouldn't have to go to the bother of writing down that endless bunch of Rube names every year.

Now what have you got in mind for that Uncle Zebediah of yours this year? Of course, he belped to raise you—now please don't pull that old gag on me again, won't you?—and, of course, he's got to figure at the top of the tabulation.

Three or four boxes of cigars, I s'poss, and about a gallon of vintage whiskey and a four dollar pair of driving gloves are some some considers and about a gallon of vintage whiskey and a four dollar pair of driving gloves.

Mr. DeGinko, who was naturally a tacinote any defect.

"Sometimes the inspector gets a real surprise, for occasionally he meets an engineer who wants to cooperate in safe yourhow what he oblier, and this engineer and the exterior of the boiler as clean as possible so as to facilitate the inspection and make it less difficult to notice defects.

"The life he leads does not make the boiler inspection and make it less difficult to notice defects.

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"The life he leads

The DeGinkos were at first inclined to feel themselves affronted, but after several sizable drinks of Scotch they were in a better frame of mind. It was decided to introduce them as the Van-

astors just dropping in on their way to a fancy dress ball. Lord and Lady Sorapple arrived in due time. His lordship was a ringer for the Earl of Pautucket, and her ladyship, having resided in England for nearly a year, had an accent like a London fog. Mr DeGinko had been moistening his whistle with olocklike regularity and greeted his lordship as a long lost brother. On ordinary occasions, owing to his nativity, DeGinko had a violent preju-

dice against anything English. His lordship was not at all backward and helped himself liberally to the various refreshments. As the evening progressed he developed a great friendship for De Ginke, and that worthy reciprocated by addressing him as "Scrap." His lordship and DeGinko were toasting each other with great amity in Bourbon, as the Scotch was well gone, when unfortunately Ireland became the subject of conversation. As everybody knows, this line of talk has wrecked many a flat.

"Oh, yaws," said his lordship in reply to a question. "Me awncestors were very rominent in Ireland. Me great-grandfather sentenced Robert Emmet to be hanged

"He did, did he?" queried DeGinko. "Oh, yaws, and another of me awn estors, Sir Eustace Scrappie, helped t close the gates of Derry against the wild Irish. He was the first Grand Mawster of the Orangemen."
Mr. DeGinko said nothing and gloomily

wallowed a huge bumper of Bourbon. "The Marquis of Owwow was an awn estor on me mother's side and Chawles II. made him Duke of Kibosh for killing thirty Irish at the siege of Limerick."

DeGinko, imbibed another snifter and retained his composure with great diffi-"Old top, I don't suppose you evalu heard of the ancient way they had of civilizing the Irish?" continued his lord-

"No." said DeGinko hoarsely, "tell it "It was one of me awncestors. Sir Ly Scrapyle, who invented it. You got a rowboat and you rowed ovah very close to the coast of Ireland. Then you took a strong line and tied a large hook baited with bacon to the end of the line. You threw the baited hook on the beach and in a few minutes as Irishman would rush out of the woods and swallow the bait All you had to do was to pull him into the

Then you taught him to wear shoes and clothes and inside of a year he could be inchained in the daytime. Mr. DeGinko arose and at the end of his good right arm was a fist of opulent

proportions. "I'm going to bounce this off some body's beak!" he announced, and suit-ing the action to the word he smote Lord Scrapple as Samson smote the Philis-His lordship did the disappearing act,

but came back gallantly and hurled a plate of potato salad at his adversary The salad missed its mark and landed or the fair bosom of Mrs. DeGinko and meandered over her dress. The lady retaliated by pasting his lordship in the eye with a handful of caviare. George endeavored to separate the com batanta, but Mrs. DeGinko mistook his

peaceful intent and artistically carved

compelled to seize Mrs. DeGinko by the back hair and drag her from the fray. Lady Scrapple leaned out of the window and screamed for the hobbies When a policeman arrived DeGinko and can act and rolling in the remains of the supper. The bluecoat benevolently asserted that he was going to treat all hands

to a free ride, but altered his views when Lady Scrapple presented him with \$10. The DeGinkos resumed their wraps and ailently stole away during the debate. The Scrapples also departed without the customary felicitations on the pleasant evening they had passed.

George and Maizie were left posing like

Marius on the ruins of Carthage. She went to the mantel, picked up "Little Goldie, the Beautiful Mill Girl," walked over to the window and tossed the volume out into the stilly night. "If ever I take another idea out of one

of these cheesy novels I hope I choke!" And George, who was ruefully conten plating the hieroglyphics chiselled in his face by the fair hands of Mrs. DeGinko,

breathed a fervent "Amen!" SHOE CLERK'S RULE OF THREE. Easily Satisfied Customer Moves Him to Tell His Troubles.

"There would be some pleasure in being shoe salesman if every customer had his mind made up as to what he wanted, said the clerk to a man who had spent

shoes or shoe polish. I knew he was the kind of person who required a perfectly straight last and didn't mind admitting the fact, but at the same time wanted the straight toe for comfort and the narrow curving last for appearance. I showed him all the common sense styles in dull leather, and after nearly an hour he said he guessed after all he would try a patent leather. I came near losing my patience then, but my blood was aroused and I made up my mind that I would send that man out with a pair of shoes under his arm if I had to show him every pair in the store. Finally he found one that suited him, and after paying for it he stopped to tell me how pleased he was with the shoes and how grateful for my patience.

"I had just stepped to the door for a little air after the exhausting experience when a young man entered the store wearing a new suit of clothes in which it was obvious he was taking a good deal of pride. He dropped into a settee opposite a large mirror, and was taking much less interest in the shoes I was exhibiting than in his own reflection in the mirror.

of pride. He dropped into a settee opposite a large mirror, and was taking much less interest in the shoes I was exhibiting than in his own reflection in the mirror. He had his mind set on a certain shoe, but I couldn't supply it at the price, and after I brought out nearly everything else in the store he paid 50 cents more and took what he wanted.

"The shoe salesman doesn't generally have more than two such experiences in succession, but when a man and a woman came in together and it was my turn to wait on them I was willing to bank on the good old rule of three. The couple took seats and the woman then told me that it was her husband who wanted the shoes and she had come to help him pick them out. Then I knew I was in for it. The man kept insisting that he knew what he wanted, while the woman told him repeatedly that she knew what was best for him. I brought out eight totally different styles before the man's feet and the woman's eye were both satisfied and the sale made."

TEACHING A FLY COMED

THE ACTOR TELLS AN MAR ENCE OF THE SOUTHWE

in All His Youthful Funniness He U dened Himself of His Views Arizona Until the Tallest & Borrowed His Companion's A comedian who is now quite so n "the business" was telling it on

self. "There's a chance of course may have been fresher youngs when first I became a tro said, "but I don't know so much that. Anyhow, it makes the soles of feet tingle when I reflect now upon a rattle brained, chinny custo when, a cub around the age of 30, I into the show business. But I had lessons too.

"First company I nudged into fly by night, near comedy outfit the to eke out a precarious existence together down in the Southwest. I cond comedian with that layout-d juggler, almost acrobat, approximations of a human singer, everything in the nature of a human single proximation and single proximation filler. All of the other people of the pany, men and women, were come ably older than I, but for some n fying reason they tolerated me. I I can understand why.
"But I'm trying to get at a little in

that helped to salt me down for a "We were travelling from Globe Lordsburg, Ariz. It's a sixty mile stre on a spur railroad, the whole dis through cactus desert. The one that makes the trip is scheduled about twelve miles an hour, but of o it never does it. Usually they have wrap chains around the locom boiler to keep the plates from star Two or three pounds pressure boiler of that locomotive calls for Often nearly eight or ten pounds p is generated in that boiler, but it literally wastes itself on the desert a hissing disquietingly through the is rents, cracks, crannies and crevice the boiler. If you make the sixty between Globe and Lordsburg in

hours you're smashing a record.

"Between Globe and Lordsburg train, on this occasion that I'm te about, stopped some twenty times. final stop-made because the had to detach itself and slink for about ten miles to get some more for the boiler—was protracted. alt left the train to stretch our legs on desert sand. "Me, then and there, to be the self-

stituted centre of the sand str party. I took the spotlight at doing flipflaps over the cactus the rolling around on one ear and sho off generally, while the rest of the pany, good natured poor wretches, I indulgent and permitted me to go indulgent and permitted me to go When I'd got through nearly acrobat I began to talk. As they had nothing earth better to do the folks of the or pany and some of the other passeng gathered around and listened to me un the chatter. I was the story telling! and as I loved the notice they gave why, I told many stories. The rest the troupers not only listened but me the audible mit now and then. To three Alkali Ikes standing in the baground, however, only listened gray or three Alkali lkes standing in the ground, however, only listened ground, however, only listened ground, however a laugh latthey. Nothing even remotely sembling the laugh. When I'd the scream part of my story an friendly associate troupers would we their maps and pretend to chuckle my callow humor, why, those colooking persons—all of them, how in store clothes of the kind that our use occasionally to travel in—just in store clothes of the kind that our
use occasionally to travel in—just
at me in a melancholy way and f
their long, straggly mustaches and is
at each other solemnly.

"Now this, of course, got my s
I felt as if they were having me,
could evoke laughs from calloused
folks, who knew me, I boyishly arguhis face with her fingernails. Maizie was

myself, why, it was a thump in the te and nothing else, for these cowboy Ru standing there on the outskirts of bunch on the sand, to refuse to state standing there on the outskirts of bunch on the sand, to refuse to stake a even to a grin.

"Wherefore, a heap het up, I segandele out a few wallops for Aricona the Southwest in general. I panned hotel accommodations of Aricona in a a screechingly funny way—ye-ch—to my fellow troupers and troupersess in nachully had to hang on to their side I spoke of the railway facilities of Aricona and of the Southwest in the custoasty way you ever heard in all yo born days, and the general gist of a funniness was this: Why was Aricona all, and why was the Southwest?

"Of course I had a feeling that the cowboy looking people standing on the edge of the crowd might not like the brand of junk, and there were moment while I ran on, in which I had a lit zephyrish feeling of fear that maybe was hitting it up a little too hard and the perhaps I'd better do a subsiding number but the applause of my stage mates served efface these little passing fears, and I kept right on, handing out those walls for Arizona and the Southwest length I pulled up for breath.

"Then the tallest, larkest, gaunts man of the little group of Arizona person standing just outside of my circle as reflectively at a cactus, and then he so of half turned around and said to fother gaunt one standing right alongs of him...

other gaunt one standing right a of him:_ Hombrey, have you got ary gun

is the fourth sale I have made to-day. It took me from morning until now to make the three other sales.

"When I got my first customer I could tell that I had a job ahead of me, for it took me five minutes to get the man into the mood to tell me whether he wanted shoes or shoe polish. I knew he was that looked as long to me as the specific polish. that looked as long to me as the of a ground shark made into a m warsman's walking stick. If I

of a ground shark made into a ma-warsman's walking stick. If I he lost the power of speech I'd have y-right then and there, but my to-clove to the roof of my mouth. To wasn't a squeak left in me.

"The enormously tall Arizons pe-raised the gun, and as he did so his caught sight of an empty quart whi-bottle, by some chance standing up-after being tossed from a train win-about fifty feet away or the sand. bottle, by some chance standing upfle after being tossed from a train winds about fifty feet away on the sand. Wit out taking aim at all, but just popping away as if for general results, he shaway the neck of that whiskey bott as clean as if he'd had a gatting gut to do it with. Then, taking anothightning snapshot, he bored a best smack dab through the centre of bottle. Then he handed the gun be to the other man, and the bunch of arise folk without a word or even a grin the exchange of winks clomped be on board the train.

"They'd been only kidding me course, but I didn't know it. Was a skeart to know anything. Away for and there was a box car in which lot of Moqui Indians were riding, for that box car. I was still palsed with fear and I beat it up for ard to the Moque car and rode with them all the way Lordsburg. For a long time after the I spoke in such a low tone of voice the people standing only three feet away from me had to say 'Louder!'"

One Way to Vex Your Hostess, If you want to vex your hostess a her servants flick the ashes of oigarette into your coffee cup. You not know it, but cigarette ashes play very dickens if they get into the a water. Any woman will tell you it And you will be doing a kindness if ask for an ash receiver. It is less bot in the end.